

### WHAT XMASIS TO HIM

IT MEANS GOOD CHEER FOR THE COUNTRY LAD.

#### EDUDAYS AT THE VIRGINIA FIRESIDE.

Christmas-Day With a Country Boy and Christmas-Dinner at His Grandpa's .- How His Father Cele-

If there is a city chap who does not the fire country boy has a good time, in the kindness of his young heart, for him, it might be well to ed has that he is wasting his well-meant My. The country lad may have a quieter and he may sometimes feel that he would like a few more comunions to make the grand old time errier, but he is not given to spending he Christmas days grieving over the mik that he didn't spill and isn't likely to get a flogging for.

in the first place, Christmas always to the villages and the country before it does to the large cities. The Bify first Christmas at all came to a rde village before it did to any other pace, and the country people away out the mountains were the next to hear of it, and feel the joy it brings.

BEGINS WITH HIS BOOTS. As soon as a country lad gets his big winter boots, which reach up to his knees, there is the first feeling of "Crisn his bones," which he acknowlwith a shout, and a strut that have made the Thanksgiving arkey die of envy, if he hadn't died be fore. There is no time in a boy's life when he feels so much a man as when the pulls on his first pair of tall boots. and goes out to hunt snowdrifts to try he cynic did to Alexander, the conqueror

Of course the country boy goes to bad during the winter, as his city does, but he doesn't often go more in March, and makes the life to forget what he has arned before the melancholy days are me again, the saddest of his year. Is ahead of the city boy a little here, here were the city boy a little here, he generally succeeds. With so camples before him of wonderful on the part of his brothers in in the seven months of vacation have been forced to pick up in school loses many of its terrors in country, and retains many charms. BOYS AND GIRLS AT SCHOOL

The boys and girls sit side by side at slates, and help each other with word at recitation as often as it nes necessary. At recess they play for, and nourish their little loves all the purity and freedom of menwomen. Then he walks with her (miles away), and he wonders that miles are so much shorter than tho All the way he is hoping something, he doesn't care what, will the upon them, just to show her and mother how bravely he would rescue f. He would give his left hand for chance to do something perilous in ner presence, and there isn't a sprig of mattetoe growing so high in all the he cannot get if she is but tanding by, watching him climb, and if

have had to repeat that oath years

COUNTRY BOY LIKES SNOW. If there is anything in the world that a country boy likes for "Crismus," next to the good things his mother makes, and his gun and powder and shot, it is snow. A country boy sets " hare guns" (no country urchin in Virginia ever called them "hare traps") during the fall, and sells his hares and their skins, so when the holidays come he has a neat little sum in his bank. Many a country boy not in his bank. Many a country boy not more than 12 years old catches hares enough in the fall to buy all his winter clothes, even after paying \$2. for his boots, first. Not much of the Christmas savings go for candy and nuts. These are the things to which a country boy looks to Santa Claus for, unless he has reached the age of accountability. boy looks to Santa Claus for, unless he has reached the age of accountability in the matter of the good saint. He spends it for Roman candles, popcrackers (not fire-cracks; they don't have those kind in the country), and sky rock-There are few spitfires and many toy pistois among the small boys. But, however much a country boy may glory in the fire and noise of the pop-cracker, he had rather kill a snowbird with a sure enough gun than be right, or

The bulk of his money, however, goes to buy powder and shot, and, at a tender age, with his father's gun, he sallies forth, a soldier of fortune, indeed, to wreak destruction in the ranks of snowbirds, robins, fieldiarks, and woodpeckers, Oh, how gladly he would freeze to death. just to go hunting! there to follow the deep tracks of the old hare, made day before yesterday; to find here where she lay down, and where she got up again! But this all comes later, and continues until the end. SUPREME JOY ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

A boy's heart beats faster on a Christmas morning than a man's. There are several reasons for this. The man has gotten used to it; the fact is, the man hasn't much Christmas after all. If he gets holiday for the one day-and many do not-the sweetness and rest of it are sapped away by the cares of yesterday and the morrow. The thought that the year is in swan-song state; that the merriment and noise of Christ-mas is the heraid of the death of another year, and that he is one year nearer the old did to Alexander, the conqueror great beyond are things that come to world, "Stand out of my suncome, indeed, with the onrush of the ava-lanche, without a moment's warn-ing. They have a knack of coming ing. They have a knack of coming just in the midst of greatest revelry who is housed up the whole year hearly. He begins his educative and the country boy, escapes all this. The future is all bright for him, life is painted in the glow of the country boy. have a knack of casting a shadow over the his sleigh sgain bound for another house before he is awake and is burglarizing bis stocking on a nail at the chimney

WHAT A COUNTRY BOY FINDS.

He finds it filled with nuts and candy and poperackers. "It is as cold as Christ and there is no fire in the house so he eats some candy and slips yet, so he eats some candy and slips back to bed, sometimes with a startling degree of certainty concerning the per-sonage of the good saint. Ever after-wards he has a visionary sort of idea wards he has a visionary sort of idea that this benefactor of Christmas times wears a long, white robe in making his nightly visits, and not the snow-flaked coat the pictures give. He goes back for an half-asleep, half-awake existence He goes back

with his poperackers, noiseless beside him, for another hour.

But when day at last dawns, what a day of fun it is. Before breakfast—before he is more than half finished dressing—he plunges out into the snow and ing-he plunges out into the snow and frosty air. He and his two brothers think they are the only persons up on the place, and what jolly fun it is to wake up the "old folks" with their noise, and they chuckle over the harsh things that will be said unmeaningly about them, and laugh at the fears of "Mamma" that they will set the place on fire and burn them all up.

HOW THE FATHER CELEBRATES.

But they are a little mistaken. The such a stand, sometimes.

But Christmas comes at last, after he has written "one more day gone fore Crismus" on his slate many, many limes. The school closes with a great "lasse stew," and a twinge at the heart, because he won't see his sweetheart to-morrow and next day, and not for two weeks, except at church, when she will wear a dress which agrees with her and she is even kinder to him than before. He slamps his foot while she is gone for a moment, and swears he will be a man stand it come what may. Some HOW THE FATHER CELEBRATES.

day of all the year again, the birthday of the Prince of Peace, steals over him. But how is he to do it? Santa Claus hasn't brought him anything for many a year. Then he remembers the old gun. He resolves—not without many misgivings—to get up and shoot both harrels in honor of the day. "It is thunderingly cold," he ejaculates, and would give anything to let himself down to teeth-chattering like the boys do. But his pretering like the boys do. But his pre-cepts to them about getting hardened to cepis to them about getting hardened to the cold won't admit such hypocrisy. He takes the gun down and goes out to the edge of the yard, overlooking the river, and, shutting both eyes for fear the "old thing will bust," he bangs away. One or

I haven't got time to bother with you now." He adds that "boys are heap more timid now about burning their hands than good time. Grandma always has the best fruit-cake and coldest custard, and Grand-ma always insists on his being helped at the dinner the second time to everything. He is good to the honored old lady, and rarely ever refuses to please her in this respect. The servants at Grandae's house

respect. The servants at Grandpa's house are so much more considerate and polite to him than those at home, and Grandpa always increases his bank account by a 25-cent piece. These things all combine with the solid fact that "Chrismus" is "jest started," and "I ain't got to go to school to-morrow, and next day, nor two weeks" to make the morning brim-

ful of good time. HOW HE ENJOYS DINNER. Dinner comes at 3 o'clock, three hours-

180 minutes-later than every other day in the year, except Sunday, and every minute of them has been counted over twice. He never was so hungry in his life and he eats till his grandmother smiles upon him anxiously, and ascertains if she has any Jamaica ginger in The afternoon passes in a hurry, and

once he is called in to "say his piece" which he is going to speak that night at which he is going to speak that hight at the Christmas tree. If he comes out all right he is rewarded with as many peeps into the apple-barrel as his out-raged stomach will permit. Christmas night comes with a great Christmas tree night comes with a great Christmas tree swaying under its presents for everybody, and a church full of people. His time comes in the entertainment, and for the first time he experiences the sense of exaltation, and hears the sweetest of all music of hands and feet in applause at his well doing. It is the music of his first triumphal procession. It is a time—that night—he is not apt to forget, and he would think about it a great deal if it were not, that as soon as he touches his bed to-morrow comes with its new joys. bed to-morrow comes with its new joys.

Then for a week of visiting and being visited, of shooting, of walking the earth a terror to every living thing that is smaller than he is! He is living on double "rashings" and balf asleep, and he forces all the grown people in thouse to subscribe to the latter diet.

NOT ALL THE YEAR CHRISTMAS. But Christmas passes, as all joys do, he thinks, and as he will find after awhile, joys and sorrows alike do-the mate, who happens to be a certain little girl for whom he gathered mistletoe just mate, who happens to be a certain girl for whom he gathered mistletoe just before the holidays. She listens very carelessly, he thinks, to hts merry tale, and he wonders sadly at the new indifference. She must not have heard him make his speech at the Christmas entertalnment, but she was there, for he saw her. He remembers, too, she was sitting by a boy, whom, even in his glow of triumph, he was forced to admit was of triumph, he was forced to admit was a very manly looking and handsome fellow. He was her cousin from the city and was older then himself. How he did long to be older! Presently, he glanced from her face to her slate and saw the name of the vile boy in the very place where she used to write his. There where she used to write his. There

er sweetness and beauty than ever. He likes her for the fickleness this time.

LOVE FOR THE COUNTRY HOME. So it all goes, the winter passes, spring omes, with the opening of the buds and he closing of school. And just so a boy

to explode. One of the little ones asks him to show them how it is done, and he says, more sharply than the occasion calls for, "You boys shoot your own poperackers."

Ty when the boy's mind and heart unfolds at home in the week, and at the plain country church on Sunday, the old country place, though modest it may be, grows upon him with a strength that the grows upon him with a strength that the whiri of business and years will not shake off. A boy's home in the country means infinitely more to him than a boy's home in the city. In the city, his timid now about burning their hands than they was when he was a boy."

By breakfast-time the country boy has demonstrated to every living thing on the place his supreme ability to blow a horn inside out and to incite the cat to her inside out and admire the beauty and comfort of his home, and speak with pride to strangers of the great city in which that home is. inside out and to incite the cat to her inside out and to incite the cat to her inside out and to incite the cat to her inside out and speak with pride to strangers from an appear of poperackers to her tail. After breakfast comes the hurry and bustle of getting dressed and ready to go out to getting dressed and ready to go out to "spend the day" at his grandpa's. He is affections cling. Not one he is all his affections cling. Not one he could remember, and is sure of having a could remember, and is sure of having a good time. Grandma always has the best good time. of the great city in which that home is. But the country boy's home is the only one in several miles, perhaps, and around it all his affections cling. Not one he ever saw is like it, and he knows it so well—its rooms, its basement, and closests, and attic. The spreading fields are his city and his source of pride. A boy in the city can move into the house next door and having the same surroundings, not know the change, but not so with the boy in the country. He leaves the old place for the fast life of the city, where there is life, he says. But through all the coming days, when he becomes a man with frost upon the temples, like his father, now sleeping on the hillside at home, he will remember it still and sigh for its rest and unbroken peace. How it would delight him to go back and mander about the old woods and fields again and along the paths he followed the cows in summer, or tracked the timid hare in dead o' winter. So, indeed, it is true, that the joys of the country boy, at Christmas, and month in and month out, may not have the glow of the city boy's, but they burn more slowly and last the longer for it.

CHARLES M. GRAVES. deed it is true, that the joys of the country boy, at Christmas, and month in and month out, may not have the glow of the city boy's, but they burn more slowly and last the longer for it.

CHARLES M. GRAVES.

JAMES O'NEILL AT THE ACADEMY.

The Romantic Actor the Christmas Attraction Here.

Manager Thomas G. Leath, of the Academy of Music, announces as his Christmas attraction the romantic actor, Mr. James O'Neill, who will commence his engagement on Friday evening, with Dumas's famous play, "Monte Cristo," which will be repeated at the Matines on Christmas afternoon.

It is many years since the play-going world first took a liking to this French sailor lad, Edmond Dantes, who became a count, with millions in his possession Yet, it has not wearied of the sight of this same buoyant youth playing familiar with the dignified official, accepting his release from unjust detention with a jocular nudge in the ribs that startled the officer into an amazed "sir!" Nor has it grown impatient of the exulting cry of the liberated prisoner who mounts a tempest assailed rock off the Chateau d'If, shouting "The world is mine." Nor d'If, shouting "The world is mine." Nor yet again has it begrudged the beautiful count with the white hair one of tht million francs he carries in the corner of his pocket for spending money. Nor has it expressed any wish to deny him any of the privileges he so much enjoys in killing his enemies, "one, two, three." In all these years, which have brought fame to Mr. O'Neill, in which he has become a veritable count of "Monte become a veritable count of "Monte Cristo" in the ease with which he has become a veritable count of alone Cristo" in the ease with which he has coined by his play, the public has stood by him, to suffer with his Dantes in prison, to exult with him in his triumph. Christinas evening Mr. O'Neili will appear in a magnificent revival of the romantic drama entitled "The Dead Heart," which he produced in this country his years ago, simultaneously with Sir Henry Irving's presentation of the same play at the London Lyceum. Mr. O'Neili impersonates the chief role of Robert Landry, a young sculptor, who is imprisoned and prosecuted because he is in love with Catherine Duval, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy merchant. Catherine was alse baloved by a noble count, and he

## sense of loss, of something gone out from him which he would like so much to recall, but cannot. He hates the nice-looking city boy a great deal; he loves the girl a great deal more. It all comes right after awhite, though, as all things do. His sweetheart is again fickle, when she does not hear from the city boy any more, and comes back to him with greater sweetness and beauty than ever. He THE BEAR JEWELRY CO.,

Leading Broad-Street Jewellers and Opticians,

609 East Broad Street.

To give the public the advantage of the low prices at which we have

# and, shutting both eyes for fear the "old thing will bust," he bangs away. One or two neighbors hear the loud reports ringing out on the still morning air, and wonder at passing what "Old Billy" is making a fool of himself about. It is done. His Christmas is begun; but so is the beginning of the end of it. He may talk to the neighbors about the much more funthey used to have at Christmas than boys do nowadays, and tell the boys how he used to have at Christmas than boys do nowadays, and tell the boys how he used to hold the poperackers in his hand to explode. One of the little ones asks him folds at home in the week, and at the

we shall continue our sale until Christmas as follows: Sterling Silver Hooks and Files, large size..... Sterling Silver Hooks and Files, medium size..... Sterling Silver Hooks and Files, small size..... (This also includes Cuticles, Corn-Knives, Ink-Erasers, Tweezers, etc., at Sterling Silver Nail-Polishers..... Sterling Silver Shoe Horns.... Sterling Silver Seal.... Sterling Silver Manicure Scissors..... Sterling Silver Manicure Scissors. 75
Sterling Silver Embroidery Scissors. 75
Sterling Silver Ladies' Combs. 75
Sterling Silver Match Safes. 75
Sterling Silver Comb and Brush. 75
Sterling Silver Cloth Brushes. 75
Sterling Silver Cloth Brushes. 75
Sterling Silver Cloth Brushes. 75 Sterling Silver Baby Rattles. 2 00
Sterling Silver Whisk Brooms. 25c. 37c. to 2 00
Sterling Silver and Cut-Glass Pomade Boxes. 3 00
Sterling Silver Puff-Boxes, Cut-Glass. 50 Sterling Silver-Mounted Garters...... 3 00 Sterling Silver Tie-Clasps...... 50 Remember, this is no dry goods store silver, but it is all 925-1000 fine, and it is thick enough

to be engraved. We have also a complete line of Watches, Diamonds, Gold Jewelry, Solid Silver Flat and Hollowware, Silver-Platedware, Clocks, and Bric-a-Brac. H......

and his friend, Latour, a crafty abbe, successfully conspire to have Landry incarcerated. The storming of the Bastile bring about the release of Landry, who finally sacrifices himself as a victim for the knife of the guillotine in order to save the life of the son of his only love. As may be seen, the story deals with the primeval passions of love and revenge, which two element are so blended as to afford a most absorbing interest in fol-WEDDING which two element are so blended as to afford a most absorbing interest in following out the developments of the plot.

Mr. O'Neill has spared no effort in staging the play, the scenic paintings being from the brush of John A. Tompson, of the Hollis-Street Theatre, Boston, and of the company of the street and made by the the costumes designed and made by the Worth of America—namely, Maurice Her-

mann, of New York.

The New-Year's attraction at the Academy will be the reigning comedy success, "My Friend from India."

The Celestial Surgeon. (By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit dies,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them int (By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

DECORATIONS, BOUQUETS, AND CUT FLOWERS

Florist, 107 E. Broad Street Orders by Mail Promptly Attended to. Goods Shipped to All Points.

JAMES M. BALL, CASHIER.

L. Z. MORRIS, VICE-PRES

## The Savings Bank of Richmond

corner Eleventh and Main streets, In National Bank of Virginia Building.

Surplus and Undivided Profits. Sums of \$1 and upwards received and interest allowed. counted. Loans made on real estate.

Open daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Saturdays till 12 M.